UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

UNITY-FORWARD MARCH!

A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

For a period of six months, from January 1 to July 1, 1934, UNITY will accept renewals, extensions, and new subscriptions at $2.00 for one year.

If your subscription expires during the period of this special offer, you may renew for $2.00, thus saving 33⅓% of the regular subscription price.

If your subscription does not expire until after July 1, you may still take advantage of the special offer by ordering an extension of one year at $2.00.

If you are a former subscriber, or if you want to join the ranks of UNITY for a trial period of one year, you may avail yourself of this unusual offer.

UNITY is an excellent gift for friends, students, libraries, etc.

Special feature stories of MEN YOU OUGHT TO KNOW will begin in an early issue.

To Unity Publishing Company, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find check for $2.00 for which please enter / renew / extend my subscription to UNITY for one year.

Name .....

Address .....

VOLUME CXIV NUMBER 9

Chicago, December 24, 1934

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878
(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Bi-Weekly *Subscription $3.00*
Until Further Notice *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter November 15, 1933, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 163
Has Democracy a Future?—LOUIS L. MANN 165
Jottings.—J. H. H. 167

ARTICLES—
Christmas in Hawaii—MAY STRANATHAN 168
A Priest of the New Church—*Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky* 170
More Letters Out of Russia—RUTH LOUISE NIEDERHAUSER 171
The Indian National Congress: Bombay 1934—KALIDAS NAG .. 174
The Preacher's Dilemma—JAMES DAHIR 176

POETRY—
Christmas Love Vibrates Now—JANE RAWLINS SHEEAN 168
A Faith for Christmastide—LUCIA TRENT 168
Let Christmas Kindness Stay—SYLVIA HILL 168
Until the Spring—EVELYN H. WALKER 168
Manger Voice—LLOYD FRANK MERRELL 168
All Men's Portion—JAMES H. WEST 175
War Planes—MYRTLE G. BURGER 175

THE STUDY TABLE—
Secretary Wallace Interprets the New Deal—MORTIMER BREWSTER SMITH 177
Le Bel Anglais—ROBERT C. SCHALLER 179

THE FIELD—
Dr. Charles Strong of Australia Looks to the Future 162
The Arms Industry at Work—H. C. ENGLEBRECHT 180
The Parasites (Poem)—FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD 180

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Dr. Charles Strong of Australia Looks to the Future

Dr. Charles Strong, Melbourne, the Foreign Representative of UNITY for Australia, celebrated a few months ago his ninetieth birthday. A front page picture of him appeared in the Melbourne Herald with the caption,

The Rev. Dr. Charles Strong, founder of the Australian Church, Russell Street, photographed at his Armadale Home, with his pet terrier, Mr. Pim. The veteran minister celebrates his 90th birthday today, and a special service will be conducted in his honor, next Sunday.

In the same issue of the paper appeared an article under the heading "Minister, 90 Today, Looks to Future." It was as follows:

"Ninety years old today, the Rev. Dr. Charles Strong, minister of the Australian Church, still mentally and physically vigorous, emphasized that in his view, the road which religion should follow in the future was a spiritual one, with no dogmas and little formalism.

"Its goal should be the application of the spirit of religion to the whole of life, social and personal.

"That is the direction which I have been traveling for many years and I am convinced that the most enlightened thought in all churches in the world shows the same tendency.

"Religion, therefore, if it is to be the foundation of life, amongst the thoughtful people must be more real. Therefore, its spiritual rather than its dogmatic aspects must be recognized.

"We have come to realize that there is evolution in religion as in all things else. Any movement of a spiritual and evolutionary type commends itself to me, such a movement as that provided by the recent case of Dr. Angus seems to me to be worthy of the closest examination. For my part, it has my good wishes. This case provided a case of good illustration of what I may call the clash between the spiritual and the dogmatic.

"The trouble is that the book known as the Westminster Confession of Faith is in need of the most drastic revision. I consider it should be done away with altogether for the sake of religion and public morality, and not only in the interests

(*Continued on page* 179)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1934 Number 9

We wish that Christmas, with its joyous tradition of gifts established by the offerings of the Magi to the Christ-child in the ancient legend, could and would be used by the readers of UNITY *to help this paper which they themselves are so generously supporting. Suppose that every reader gave or secured one new subscriber! Then straightway our troubles and worries would be over. We would be able at once to return* UNITY *to its weekly status, and match it more nearly to the standard of our best ideals. What is more, the extension of the* UNITY *family would enlarge our influence beyond all the range of a doubled subscription list. A new subscription for a relative, a friend, your minister, the local library—why not? Come, friends, help to make glad the Christmastide in our editorial and publication offices!* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

There were other days when Christmas was a happier time—and not so long ago! In those days there were interests which were consistent with the Yule-tide. Thus, we discussed the League of Nations —recorded its annual achievements, prophesied its roseate future, and urged the entrance of the United States into its membership. We talked about the World Court, and petitioned the Senate to let America join this tribunal. We hailed the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and marked it for what it is and will ever be—a feat of statesmanship of fundamental wisdom and triumphant idealism. In spite of the aftermath of the Great War, Christmas was easier those days, and merrier. For now the League of Nations is held in indifference, if not disdain. Even the coming of Soviet Russia to Geneva stirred but a few faint ripples of attention. The World Court seems to have sunk into an obscurity matched only by that which enshrouds its predecessor at the Hague. As for the Pact of Paris, how often is it mentioned? In place of leagues and courts and treaties, we hear now only of increased armaments, of mounting military budgets, of new balances of power for war and victory. It is a curious scene for a Christmas celebration—this Christian world of discord and dismay. Think of Austria, of Jugo-Slavia, of the Saar, of Hitler's Germany, of Mussolini's Italy—even of Britain, stretching her frontiers from the straits of Dover to the banks of the Rhine, and building air fleets to outmatch the maddest rival! How must the Christmas carols sound in such a sky, and where may the Bethlehem babe find shelter? Were Mary to come again, she would find the world as fast closed against her as she found the little town in old Judea. But even as the Christ was born in that unpropitious time, so is he born again today. His spirit is unconquerable—his "love never faileth." Some day, *some day,* there will yet be peace on earth, and goodwill among men.

Thanksgiving Day was originally a religious festival. It was established by a stern yet grateful people to celebrate their survival amid the rigors of the bleak countryside where they were laying the foundations of a new and free society in the rugged principles of "plain living and high thinking." Something of the old tradition is preserved each year, as the sacred tradition of Christmas is similarly preserved, in church services and family gatherings. Before the altar and the hearthstone the inner spirit is remembered. But by many people, especially in our great centers of population, these two holy days are transformed into holidays for orgies of vice. We have seen few things more shocking than the announcements in New York newspapers on last Thanksgiving eve of the "attractions" that were offered the next day in hotels and restaurants. "A guide to Thanksgiving dinners" the column was called in the *World-Telegram,* and it contained scores of items like the following:

> "The Hollywood Restaurant, biff-bang and hurly-burly, and especially festive tomorrow night because of the return of Rudy Vallee and his orchestra.
>
> "The Paradise, with as nude a show as you've seen in the Rialto environs, and with Sally Rand who does a bubble dance these days, now that the fan is tame stuff.
>
> "The Palais Royal, with Morton Downey, a bevy of girls, an orchestra or two, and a spectacular tableau which is all about a love-lorn lass, who is lost in the fog.
>
> "The Casino de Paree, far-famed by now for its daring and dizzy exhibits onstage and offstage, including the girl in the goldfish bowl."

That a respectable newspaper should feature stuff like this shows that patronage of such places is by no means confined to the demi-monde. The general public must have been interested on this Thanksgiving eve, just as it will be interested in the same way at Christmastide. It's all a sign, of course, of that degradation of all higher things to lower uses which invariably accompanies social disintegration and decay. It was bad enough in pagan times, but worse now when the great festivals of Christian history and faith are themselves made the occasion of debauchery.

The decision of the Supreme Court on the California military training case settles for good and all a problem which has been vexing discussion in this country for many years. Of course, the settlement is disappointing to pacifists—how could it be otherwise? The right of a college or university to impose military training upon its students is henceforth unquestionable. No scruples upon the part of students, religious or otherwise, need now be respected. There is no constitutional right to exemption from military service, though Congress may grant such exemption to certain classes of citizens if it so desires. But, failing this, the duty of the citizen to support his government in time of war is absolute. All this is clearly stated by the Court, and is now the law. Which leaves the pacifists just exactly nowhere! But, disappointed as we are, we still cannot wholly regret this decision. It has its good side for pacifists as a challenge to their spiritual integrity and the courage of their convictions. The temptation of pacifists has always been the temptation of softness, weakness. They have too easily believed that they could stand out against such a thing as war in an imperialistic society, and not have to pay any price. But now the Supreme Court makes plain that there *is* a price. Pacifists can't eat their cake and have it, too. If they want to resist war, and refuse training and preparation for war, well and good. But they can't do this under the shelter and protection of the law. On the contrary, they must make up their minds, once for all, that war resistance in all its forms is rebellion against the law, defiance of government and its authority. This Judge Cardozo and the minority of the Court, while joining in the decision, took special pains to emphasize. Pacifism, in other words, must henceforth be identical with martyrdom. The pacifist, in refusing to join an army of soldiers, is thereby joining "the noble army of martyrs," and preparing to shed his blood not on the battlefield but in the prison and on the scaffold. Which is all to the good, spiritually! For now that we really know there can be no compromise with Caesar, and no mercy at his hands, we may at last the more surely and whole-heartedly follow Christ.

Whether to pull in, or stretch out; to contract, or expand? This is the question now confronting, and incidentally rending, the administration. It would certainly seem as though the government could not safely spend more than it is now forced to spend to take care of this fearful burden of relief, which is getting heavier instead of lighter every hour. On the other hand, spending just to keep the unemployed alive isn't getting us anywhere, and in the end can only bring us to the same disaster which more abundant expenditures would seem to threaten. But why not spend boldly in the endeavor really to get the nation out of the present mess? Have we ever really primed the pump as it should be primed, if it is to work in bringing recovery? It would seem as though the wisest plan were to spend lavishly on great public works, and thus get people off the relief rolls by setting them to work. This is undoubtedly the idea of Mr. Hopkins, whose nightmare it is that America will go bankrupt feeding the idle. But the objection here is the enormous and altogether disproportionate expense involved. To set a million men to work uses up so many millions, even billions, of dollars as overhead, that ruin seems inevitable. Of course, the one most desirable thing—the life-saver under our present system—is for private industry to get busy and employ the unemployed. But this, in spite of all the current ballyhoo, is just one of those things that doesn't happen. And why should it happen, how can it happen, when in spite of all the President has done, the purchasing power of the great masses of the people remains practically nil? As things are in this capitalist world, the President is faced by an insoluble dilemma. On the one hand, to get business going, there must be high prices to guarantee profits; on the other hand, high prices immediately reduce purchasing power, and thus paralyze business. For more than a year and a half, now, Mr. Roosevelt has been breaking his teeth on this iron fact. How long is he going to keep on trying to achieve the unachievable? We suppose that, with the assembling of Congress this next month, we shall learn whether the government policy for 1935 is to be retrenchment or expenditure. But what will it profit either way under conditions such as the President allows to continue?

It wasn't so long ago that we were told that the Filipinos were unfit for self-government. Indeed, this has been the song of the reactionaries ever since we broke faith and seized these islands from Spain, and never was it more loudly sounded than during the debates over the independence of the Philippines these last few years. Well, the independence bill was passed, and now the Filipinos are writing their constitution—and the job they are doing would seem to place them in the very front rank of self-governing peoples. It makes us mourn that right at the start we should ourselves be so far outdistanced by those whom we used patronizingly to call our "little brown brothers." The first section of the new constitution, for example, asserts that "the Philippines renounce war as an instrument of national policy and adopt the generally accepted principles of international law as a part of the law of the nation." Here is a ribbon in the coat of Salmon O. Levinson! The constitution has an amazing passage relating to natural resources—"all agricultural, timber and mineral lands of the public domain, waters, minerals, coal, petroleum, game, fish," etc.—which it says "belong to the nation." Development of these resources is limited to persons owning permanent allegiance to the Philippines, or to corporations 75 per cent of the capital

of which is owned by such persons; franchises are not to exceed fifty years, and must not constitute a monopoly; and the government may operate, as well as own, any kind of enterprise it deems fit. The constitution-makers have followed Senator Norris's idea of a single legislative body, as recently adopted in Nebraska. They limit the president to a single term of six years. They have provided for an annual budget, restricted bills to a single subject without riders, and adopted *in toto* the American Bill of Rights. Not fit for self-government, eh? Well, if we had half the fitness these people seem to have, we would have brought our own Constitution up to date, in these and other matters, long since.

Dr. Karl Barth promises more and more to become the Martin Luther of the Protestant revolt against the Nazis. His pamphlet, published in the early days of the struggle for religious freedom in the Reich, under the stirring title, "I Say No!" was like Luther's nailing of the theses to the doors of the cathedral. Later came his authorship of the famous "six theological declarations" adopted by the organization of the opposition clergy known as the Congressional Synod—declarations which had all the spirit of Luther's defiance of the Emperor. Now comes Barth's suspension from his office as professor of evangelical theology at the University of Bonn. In our statement in these columns a month ago about the victory of the churches over Mueller and Jaegar, we recorded our doubts as to whether this victory was complete or final. The blow against Barth indicates clearly enough that the struggle still continues, and that Hitler is still all-powerful. But it is a formidable thing when "der Fuehrer" raises up an enemy like Karl Barth, who is an intellectual power of the first magnitude, and a spiritual leader of leonine courage and audacity. Meanwhile, the battle against the Nazi regime takes on impressive proportions not only inside Germany, but outside as well. The organization in London, in late November, of the "World Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Council to Champion Human Rights" is an event of great significance. We find especially notable the list of grievances cited as the occasion for action, which is as concrete and complete an indictment of Nazi Germany as we have seen. The Council announces an economic boycott to be organized and maintained in every country until the Hitler regime either is driven from power, or has done the following things:

> Restored the rights and returned the property of labor organizations; renounced or abandoned its alleged attempts to destroy the Protestant and Catholic Churches and restored full freedom of religious belief; repealed all anti-Jewish laws and ceased to persecute and discriminate against Jews; restored to Masonic groups the property and rights taken from them, and reinstated German women to full rights and privileges.

Has Democracy a Future?

If I were asked to answer one of the most difficult of questions: "What's wrong with the world?"—I would say that it is suffering from victory, from victory in battle, from the triumph of arms, from military success and from naval achievements. If old Pyrrhus, who said, "One more such victory and Pyrrhus will be no more," could awaken today, he would be bewildered by the far-reaching significance of his remark. The world today stands on the brink of war because we fought and won a "war to end war." The world today is the victim of a mad race for competitive armament and militarization because we fought and won a war "to crush militarism." The world today is threatened with dictatorships because we fought and won a war "to make the world safe for democracy." We are threatened with communism on the one hand, and with fascism on the other. If either form of dictatorship will prevail, the doom of democracy will be at hand. Fascism scoffs at the voice of the people, looks upon democracy as a decaying carcass or a corpse; it makes the nation the ultimate unit and international co-operation political blasphemy. It is built around the army, not a political party; its final court of appeals is force rather than faith, might rather than right. In its attitude toward the status of woman, toward the laborer and toward economic problems in general, it spells the death knell of liberalism. The question, "Has Democracy a Future?" is, therefore, a very real one. It is not one of those academic and theoretical questions that are useful for mental gymnastics but have no practical bearing upon life.

The democratic ideal has certain prerequisities. The Bible names a number of them: "Choose thou able men, men of truth, men who revere God, and men who hate unjust gain." The perpetuity of democracy depends upon such a choice, even as did its founding. Without such men democracy will degenerate to mobocracy on the one hand or to mediocrity on the other. Owing to the complexity, the heterogeneity, and the vastness of a political unit today, the problem is not as simple as it was in ancient Greece or in the land of the Bible. Was H. G. Wells right when he said, "Democracy dies five miles from the village pump?" Was Tom Paine right when he said, "Democracy exists only where men vote in the first person?"

The future of democracy depends also upon whether it is truly representative. Are those who represent us chosen because of their mental ability and moral integrity, to use the qualities of their mind and character when situations arise, and when they

are confronted with the full picture of events with the complete evidence before them? Or are they sent to the various capitols in our several states or to our national capitol to voice our opinions, many of which may be prejudices, frequently formed before the facts are known or the full evidence was presented? Because we are not clear on the subject and have never made ourselves clear, our representatives neither represent us, nor their own best judgment when crises arise, "halting between two opinions," their "constituency" when it serves as a useful alibi and substitute for moral courage, and their own convictions when little is at stake.

In addition to this inherent defect which so frequently makes our representatives unrepresentative, the long ballot, in which and through which these representatives are chosen, makes a wise choice impossible. In some elections there are as many as five or six hundred names on the ballot and no one can choose intelligently, not even the careful student of government. Needless to add, most people have neither the time nor the inclination nor the capacity to get the facts. Unless a shorter ballot becomes a reality even the semblance of representative government will completely disappear.

The essence, in fact the quintessence of the democratic idea depends upon *the leadership of the wisest and best for the good of all.* That was Mazzini's definition of democracy, a definition and a concept so far unequalled and certainly unexcelled. It is just here that the future of democracy has most to fear. Whether one reads Viscount Bryce's two volumes on "Modern Democracies," or Lincoln Steffens' "The Shame of Our Cities," or his own "Autobiography," or Walter Lippman's volumes "Public Opinion," and "The Phantom Public," or Arthur Sedgwick's "The Democratic Mistake," or the volume of that learned Frenchman, Emil Faguet, "The Dread of Responsibility," or the writings of President Cutten of Colgate University—all of them, without exception, agree that in democracy in general and in our municipal government in particular, we have evolved and developed one great talent—talent?—that of avoiding and evading responsibilities. In the language of the street, "passing the buck," or in the slang of our day, "letting George do it." Real democracy, the democracy whose future would not have an ominous cloud hanging over it, depends upon the embracing of responsibilities by the wisest and best for the good of all.

Jotham's parable in the Bible is as modern as if it had been written yesterday. The trees went out one day to select a ruler. They said to the fig tree, "Rule thou over us," but the fig tree said, "Do you think that I will give up my sweetness to rule over you?" They went to the olive tree and said, "Rule thou over us," but the olive tree said, "Do you think I would give up my fatness to rule over you?" Then the vine was approached, "Rule thou over us," and the vine said, "Do you think that I am going to give up my cheer, wherewith I cheer God and man, to rule over you?" Then in desperation and in consternation, they finally went to the bramble, the thornbush, and said, "Rule thou over us," and the thornbush, putting on dignity for the first time said, "If, indeed, ye would have me rule over you, come take refuge under my shade." Do you see the seething sarcasm and the scathing irony and the sardonic humor of a thornbush that can give no shade, saying, "Come take refuge under my shade?" Need one point the moral? When you, Mr. Successful Businessman, and you, Mr. College Professor, and you, Mr. Clergyman, and you, Madam Clubwoman, will not give up, in the words of the parable of your "sweetness" and your "fatness" and of your "cheer" for public good, then the bramble in your midst, the racketeer and the gangster, will arise—as he has arisen—and say, "I'll protect you." When good people become good for nothing, bad people will become bad for something. One of our large cities, two years ago, spent one hundred and thirty-nine million dollars as tribute to the gangster and racketeer. Time was, in our history, when we said "millions for defense but not one cent for tribute." Have we become so morally supine that we must quote the past rather than to do and to dare in the present? Hasn't the time come when we ought to cry aloud from the depths of our convictions, "Millions for democracy and not one cent for tribute to gangsters and racketeers," who spell the degradation, the desecration, and the degeneration, aye, the doom of democracy!

The unholy alliance between crime and politics, which costs our country billions of dollars every year in money, to say nothing of that so sacred that money cannot buy, our morale, our national character, our national ideals, and our national aspirations—is a fact with which we, the lovers of democracy, must come to grips if the future of democracy is to be assured.

No one who has eyes that see will deny that we have a spoils system in our political set-up, that we have two political parties, especially in local government—the "ins" and the "outs." The "ins" want to stay in and the "outs" want to get in. So long as this form of the spoils system prevails we must frequently vote not for the better of two candidates but for the lesser of two evils. Because good people are uninterested in their political welfare until two weeks before the election and then only spasmodically and because the underworld is active three hundred and sixty-five days of the year—because the one is unorganized and the other organized—the good people, who are in the majority, will most frequently be defeated by the bad people who are in the minority. A

democracy is a government of majorities. Majorities in, by, and for themselves mean nothing, but even if they did, the organized minority, at present composed of those who believe in the spoils system and who do not measure up to the Biblical qualifications, "able men, men who revere God, men who love truth, men who hate unjust gain" are in control. Unless this is corrected, the future of democracy cannot be bright. Democracy depends upon public opinion. Daniel Webster once said, "There is something among men more capable of breaking and shaking despotic power than whirlwind, storm and earthquake; that is the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world—public opinion." It was Walter Lippman who pointed out in his book on that subject that what we call "public opinion" is neither a *public* nor *opinion*. It is *propaganda* rather than *opinion, privately concocted* rather than *publically conceived*. How frequently the "freedom of the press" degenerates into propaganda! How often "freedom of speech" deteriorates into mere license! How frequently "freedom of assembly" sinks into mob action with all the psychological tricks available today to "sell" an idea by over-simplification, fixation, repetition, and exaggeration. The lovers of democracy must remember that eternal vigilance is not merely the price of liberty but also the prerequisite of democracy.

The corner stone of democracy is obedience to law. Our laws must be worthy of obedience and obedience to law must be the great and abiding passion of a democratic people. Only when people are willing to obey *man-made* laws as if they were *divine* is self government possible and democracy a fact. Abraham Lincoln once said, "Respect for law must be the political religion of America." We have learned to make more laws and to break more laws than any country on the face of the earth. While apologists will speak of the "heterogeneity of our people" and the "adolescent stage" of our country we must always remember that to excuse is to accuse and our record in lynching, the very antithesis of law and order, stands as a bold and challenging fact to that democracy which we hold so dear. We have been willing, again and again, to die for democracy. Hasn't the time come to live for it?

The virtues of democracy are too well known to require elucidation. In pointing out the failings, I have done so merely because these represent a challenge to the future. Democracy safeguards the majority from oppression; democracy makes for self-reliance and self-respect; democracy liberates personality; democracy encourages initiative and incentive; democracy is inspired by its unlimited opportunities for service. Without education, however, democracy will become mediocrity; without an enlightened public opinion, democracy will sink into mobocracy; without a heightened conscience, democracy will be guilty of hypocrisy; without a passion to serve, democracy will become a subterfuge; without a quest for truth, democracy will degenerate into propaganda.

It must imbue the common man with uncommon faith, the usual man with unusual faith. It must transform and transfigure the commonplace and challenge all that is low and vulgar. Democracy depends upon manhood, character, vision and consecration.

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, suncrowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

LOUIS L. MANN.

Jottings

"Christmas comes but once a year." Perhaps this is just as well, when the world is outdoing itself in hatred, violence, and lust. Irony of this type, even at the rate of once a year, is almost too much to bear.

If Santa Claus is not very active this year, it is because he is in the care of a psychiatrist. You see, since "Jim" Farley came on the scene, old Santa has developed a terrible inferiority complex.

The broadcast of Dollfuss's funeral was followed by the broadcast of Prince George's wedding. Nothing is sacred any longer from the intrusions of the radio.

The newspapers reported not so long ago that burglars had broken into All Souls Universalist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., "in search of money." Well, burglars must be hard put to it these days. Looking for money in churches seems to us for all the world like looking for gold in sea-water, or blood in turnips. Naturally, these same newspapers had to report that the burglars in this case "found nothing."

We have long since gotten used to having printers confuse the words "immortality" and "immorality," as when they make an unhappy preacher declare that he "believes in immorality." But we confess we received a shock the other day when we read in the responsive

reading in a church service the startling injunction:

"*Sin* unto the Lord with thanksgiving."

The first anniversary of Repeal finds the rôles of "wets" and "drys" exactly reversed. For it is now the "wets" who are on the defensive—agitated, apologetic, demoralized—while the "drys" are aggressive, with weapons forged in the "I-told-you-so" factory. Here is a case where the "outs" are much happier than the "ins"!

J. H. H.

Christmas Love Vibrates Now

The house of David's fruitful bough
With branches rich above a well,
Has wines of hope that men avow
With peace on earth their hearts foretell.

For Bethlehem awakes. This day
The Son of Truth is born to all!
A mother smiles in white array
Within a great yet humble stall.

The wise men reach a village place.
Their weary camels clop and plod.
Then wisdom enters clad in grace
While prayer ascends to Father-God.

They give the child a myrrh of praise,
A ruby oil of kindly deed,
The gold of joy that here conveys
A wider peace, a living creed.

The house of David's fruitful bough
Renews our faith. For God would bless
A love of old that vibrates now
In healing Truth that men express!

JANE RAWLINS SHEEAN.

A Faith for Christmastide

"Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men!"

Out from the jungle of circumstance
Man shall emerge with a forward glance.
Man shall conquer the demon of fright
That creeps through his blood like a thief in the night.

Not content with the world of battle
Where men are slaughtered like branded cattle,
Not content with the world of scheming
Where cauldrons of hate and greed are steaming,

Parting aside the mists of doom
Man shall fashion a world in bloom,
And though he must fail again and again
Man shall fashion a world for men.

LUCIA TRENT.

Let Christmas Kindness Stay

Let there be Christmas friendliness
Not only on Christmas Day,
But through the new year's gaunt distress
Let Christmas kindness stay.
And some day when mankind shall stand
On rich, fraternal ground,
Then Christmas bells shall fill the land
With plenty to astound
The folk who doubt mankind will come
To pathways that shall lead
Toward flowering millennium
Beyond this hour of need.

SYLVIA HILL.

Until the Spring

What heeds the sparrow in his tree
How cold the blasts of winter be?
He seeks his warmth within his breast
And finds within his flight his rest.

No songster he, but pipes his cheer
From out the bitter of the year
Until I, too, am blithely stirred
With Christmas rapture, like the bird.

So, till the bluebird calls the spring
And Crocus wakes to its blossoming,
Cheerily under the gray-bleak sky
Chirp Sparrow and I, Sparrow and I.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Manger Voice

They hailed me as the Prince of Peace,
And yet the gifts they bore,
Like fruit of tropic lusciousness,
Revealed a jungle core.

The gold alloy was greed and wrong,
The frankincense arose
In mockery to peace, the myrrh
Was kept for royal woes.

And still I smiled with wonderment
When, drowsily I awoke,
As if assured they would fulfill
The prophecy they spoke.

LLOYD FRANK MERRELL.

Christmas in Hawaii

Is there a state in the Union whose Capitol is the scene of a religious pageant every year, " 'gainst that season comes wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated?" I do not know of any, but in our far-off island territory the story of the Babe of Bethlehem is enacted every Christmas Eve on the high balconies along the front of the Capitol building in Honolulu.

This building was once the palace of Hawaiian kings, a stately white structure whose spacious grounds are crowded on Christmas eve with people of many races and from many lands gathered around the big evergreen in the center of the front lawn. This tree is lit with candles of varied colors and sparkles with stars of gilt and festoons of silver tinsel. Carols are flashed upon a screen where everyone can see the words and all join in the singing, the falsetto attempts of the Chinese and Japanese voices mingling with the rich and full tones of the Hawaiian singers.

The pageant, put on by the Inter-Church Federation of Hawaii, has the simple beauty of a medieval picture with the Babe in its rude manger-cradle and the mother beside it robed in the crimson and the celestial blue of the Italian paintings of the Madonna. Approaching these central figures from the east are the wise men bringing their fragrant gifts, from the opposite side come the shepherds carrying live lambs in their bosoms, while on the upper balcony a company of herald angels with silver trumpets, sing the glad tidings of peace on earth, goodwill toward men —toward all men, whether they be Polynesians, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Maoris, Filipinos, East Indians, Portuguese, Negroes, Celts, Semites, Hindus, or Aryans.

The scene brings back the memory of that group of ardent young men and women who, more than a hundred years ago, made the long journey around

Cape Horn to bring the Gospel message to the people of the Sandwich Islands and found there a friendly and simple-minded people who heard them gladly and welcomed upon their mountain tops the feet of those bringing glad tidings and publishing peace. For their queen had cast off the shackles of the old gods and with her subjects waited for a religion better than they had known. Viewing this pageant we think of how the Hawaiian boy, Obookiah—for so the story goes—came to New England on a whaling vessel on which he had taken refuge in a fight, was converted to Christianity, begged that the Gospel be sent to his people, and how the missionary work in Hawaii was an answer to that plea. The history of that group of missionaries is as absorbing as the wildest romance, how Rev. Titus Coen and others of equal zeal and devotion went up and down the land and from island to island preaching Christ until the result seemed the fulfilment of the prophecy that a nation should be born to God in a day.

But other white men came to Hawaii to stay. Some of them were there before the missionaries. Those other white men from "Christian" lands brought to this isolated and primitive people living in a state of comparative innocence, gifts other than the Gospel story. English sailors are said to have brought leprosy from China, and they and other traders brought drunkenness, venereal diseases, with their resultant curses of tuberculosis and insanity, until today the sturdy Hawaiian stock is in danger of extinction. And having destroyed a people, we are now trying to restore it by putting the Hawaiians back on the land—though this laudable effort is mocked at as being but an effort to cater to the tourist trade, since many of those who knew the islands in former days complain that the romance has gone with the disappearance of Hawaiian royalty and the old Hawaiian villages with their primitive mode of living.

How have the children and grandchildren of those early missionaries kept faith with these children of nature? In time the missionaries became powerful in the islands, they were the advisers of kings, managers of affairs of government and recipients of large grants of land where at first they were not permitted to build houses for themselves. Their lands became valuable through the industry and business vision of the white man. They started large sugar and pineapple plantations, and since the Hawaiians, accustomed to live comfortably without much labor, do not take kindly to hard work, the plantation owners brought laborers from China, Japan, the Philippines, Korea, Porto Rico and Madeira who would work for wages scorned by white men and also scorned by the Hawaiians. Since the islands became a part of the United States in 1898 the Hawaiians feel themselves entitled as citizens to American wages.

Besides the labor situation the white man brought to Hawaii a military system which complicates matters and Hawaii has become America's most outlying military center with thousands of soldiers at Schofield Barracks some twenty miles from Honolulu and even more sailors at Pearl Harbor, twelve miles away, and with forts in and around the city. The well known contempt of soldiers for civilian laws and the well known contempt of the dominant white man for his dark-skinned neighbors, combine to create a feeling which results in such horrors as the Massie case.

While the statement that there is no race prejudice in Hawaii is the first one to greet the newcomer in the islands and is the one most persistently repeated to him during his stay, there are times when one can not but feel that the wish is father to the thought. Especially is this true during times of local political campaigns, for, sensitive to the knowledge that both the trade and the industrial control has been lost to them the Hawaiians make the most of their political strength in their homeland. Political agitators, and those are not all dark-skinned, are fond of reminding the native voters that the white men care only to exploit them, and of quoting Jack London that: "The missionaries came to bring the bread of life to Hawaii and their children have remained to gobble up the whole feast," or "The missonaries brought Christianity to the islands and now the missionaries have the islands and the Hawaiians have the Christianity." It is not an uncommon sight to see the automobile of a Hawaiian candidate bearing placards exhorting his fellow Hawaiians to "Look at the skin and vote."

When Hawaii became a territory of the United States all Hawaiian born persons became eligible to American citizenship. Their children and grandchildren are proud to be Americans whether they be of Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Maori or any other stock. Teachers in the public schools, social service workers and the churches have sought to foster in the younger generation of dark-skinned Americans a loyal patriotism while at the same time showing appreciation of the customs and traditions of the lands whence came their ancestors. School children and kindergartners exchange dolls and other gifts with children of oriental lands bordering on the Pacific, and the International Institute, which is the work of the Y. W. C. A. among the foreign born, gives parties for women and children at which are featured the music, costumes, games and refreshments of these lands. The University of Hawaii gives language courses taught by Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese professors as well as courses in European languages.

Though a diversity of languages no doubt contributes to confusion and misunderstanding among nations, yet the history of imperial Russia in trying to suppress the languages of the Finns and Lithuanians should teach us that such suppression is worse than futile. But in Hawaii the American Legion for years fought the Japanese language schools of the islands even when they were in session only after the closing time of the public schools. These language schools were supported by the Japanese of Hawaii who were put to the added expense and trouble of defending the schools in the courts until the attempt to suppress them was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Thus we see patriotism pulling in different directions and working against itself. Thus does the time worn Japanese war scare get in its work, and some years ago the *Boston Transcript* editorially expressed doubt as to the wisdom of allowing our young Japanese citizens in Hawaii the privilege of visiting the mainland and of seeing Bunker Hill and the home of Paul Revere of which their teachers had told them. So many obstacles have been put in the way of the coming of our citizens of oriental descent to the mainland even to visit, that the Legislature of Hawaii some years ago was forced to provide for sending a com-

mission to both Congress and the President of the United States in protest.

The Japanese war scare is still getting in its work in Hawaii, aided and abetted by enterprising men of the islands who hope for better business thereby and by other enterprising men on the mainland who hope for an increased oil market for an enlarged army and navy. In the interest of such increase a delegation of Congressmen was brought to Hawaii some years ago and inspected the Nawiliwili harbor on Kauai. At the same time there was an excursion to that island arranged by the Order of Kamehameha, a Hawaiian organization which had chartered a boat to visit the birthplace of the late Prince Kuhio, last of the Hawaiian princes. This prince had represented Hawaii in Congress for twenty years preceding his death in 1922 and his birthplace on Kauai has been set apart by the Legislature of Hawaii as a public park. It was largely through the efforts of Prince Kuhio that the attempt to place the Hawaiians on the land was sanctioned by Congress.

It was when the members of these two excursions met at Nawiliwili harbor that I heard a business man of Honolulu tell one of the visiting Congressmen that the Hawaiians were unfit for self government and always would be and the islands ought to be governed by a commission. And this following addresses in which the Hawaiians were fulsomely extolled by other business men. On the same trip a school teacher from Minneapolis was heard to remark that she considered the hula dance vulgar and indecent, to which a local white teacher replied that her professor of Hawaiian history in the University of Hawaii had told his class that the undulating motions of the dance was, to the Hawaiians, symbolic of the waves of the sea over which their ancestors had come to the islands in prehistoric times, that the dance had been vulgarized by the white man's notions about it, just as the beauty and gracefulness of the grass skirts worn by the dancers had been lost in the imitations made in New Jersey, which the dancers had worn in the entertainment for the delectation of the Congressmen. Thus things in Hawaii as elsewhere are a good deal as you look at them.

Going down to the ship to meet Miss Mary Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College in company of the president of Mt. Holyoke Alumnae of Hawaii, when the Institute of Pacific Relations was meeting in Honolulu, were three other alumnae of Mt. Holyoke, two Japanese women and one Chinese. All three were engaged in social service work in their native lands, teaching or in Y. W. C. A. work, and all three were delegates to the institute as was also Miss Woolley. The president of the local alumnae spoke of her grandparents who had been early missionaries in Hawaii, and she said their hearts would have been broken to know that the land in which they had so long labored to present the teachings of the Prince of Peace had now become a military outpost. This woman said she still believed that the Gospel message was meant for the whole earth and that no people could resist the power of justice, friendliness and understanding.

There is still at least one man who had lived among orientals who believes as this woman. This man is the last American governor of the Philippines, Frank Murphy of Detroit, who is thus quoted by W. F. McDermott in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*:

> When I came to the Philippines well meaning people told me that I had to beware of the furtiveness and undependability of the oriental mind. You couldn't deal with these people, so they said, as you would deal with your own kind. I found that was nonsense. I have acted toward the Filipinos exactly as I would act toward Americans and I have administered the affairs of the Philippines as I would administer the affairs of Detroit. They met me more than halfway. I found them fair and honest, reliable and friendly. They are just and generous to a fault.

Why not apply the same spirit in dealing with other orientals, including our Chinese and Japanese citizens in Hawaii? Why not apply the same rules of commonsense, to say nothing of Christianity? To those who still profess to believe that the teachings of Jesus are workable in a lost and ruined world, the time has come to put these teachings into practice or to stop talking about them. Nations classed as Christians are still settling their disputes in the same way the heathen kings of old settled theirs. Technically but not mentally nor spiritually they have improved on Nebuchadnezzar, Darius, Alexander and Caesar. Why not try the simple method of overcoming evil with good? Have we not yet learned that he who saveth his life by the old method loses it? Have we not learned that this statement is not an idealistic dream, but good common sense?

Now has the time come when the challenge to the Christian Church and to the Christian ministry is plain. They must choose this day whom they will serve, for if they do not choose and choose aright who dares refute the prophecy of Swinburne when he sings of him who is said to have come to take away the sins of the world.

> In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,
> Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you for kings,
> Though the feet of thy high priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
> Though these that were gods are dead, and thou being dead art a god,
> Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
> Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead.

MAY STRANATHAN.

A Priest of the New Church

"Yes," he replied with emphasis, "I am a priest as I used to be, you're right. But I am no more—and have not been for a long time—a priest of the church which has been in diabolical bondage to the old regime; I am a priest of the church of God on High, the church which you . . ." he stretched his hand over the crowd with a dominating gesture . . . "which you are called to bring into life on earth. This has been unfolded to me and I have been ordered to speak about it. And I will speak of it, even if you all rise against me armed with stones. Your leaders are blind and they will lead you into a marsh. I know it. Your way will be long and dark, full of suffering. But when you have reached its end, you will establish on earth that church which will unite all men into one family. Because Christ came to you, to you the poor, to you the proletariat, the oppressed and the persecuted, the laboring and heavy laden, and it is of you

that the prophets spoke. It will be easier for you, bereft of everything, to repudiate the old, sinful world! Therefore know! The end of this world has come, it has come amidst terrible signs and a new world will replace it. The meek and radiant world of Christ! But the way to it is full of suffering, of great calamities, of bloody mistakes, because it is the way of the Apocalypse, foretold in symbols by the religions of all nations. The earth will tremble from the tread of masses of men, it will quake at the force of their efforts. The faithful only will be saved. So be faithful, brothers, be clean of heart, reject the call to bloodshed and revenge."

Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky; "The Land of the Children," translated from the Russian by Nina Nikolaevna Selivanova.

More Letters Out of Russia

Dear Dad:

Life has been interesting enough in Moscow. And will be even more so when I have learned Russian. I am taking lessons now, but it is *some* language! At present I am necessarily limited to English or French speaking people for my good times. But I am working hard to overcome this barrier.

Swimming in the Moscow River has been ideal, Moscow at this time is fully as warm as it is in California now, and it is *daylight* from 4:30 in the morning until 10:00 at night. Quite often I go out to Serebrony Bor (Silver Wood) in the morning and swim and sun-bathe until it is time to go to work at either 12:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon (depending on which week it is). Serebrony Bor is a beautiful wooded spot, about thirty minutes drive from Moscow, through which winds the Moscow River—wide and sandy-bottomed. Along the banks (partly sand and partly green grass) there are occasional meadows (no cows—just for the use of the great working class!) Men and women both go in bathing nude at any place they might choose along the shore of the river. Everyone minds their own business. I have seen a group of men seated on the shore while just down the shore about a 100 yards a young woman was going in bathing. They did not even look in her direction—they just did not find anything extraordinary about the situation, and besides, she was tending to her activities so they tended to theirs. Swimming suits are worn if one so desires, quite often, however, only as supports, i. e., a woman will wear a brassiere. You cannot realize fully the naturalness and unconcern there is at present about personal matters.

However, it is a question just how long this freedom will last. At present and in the past, lack of suits, etc., has made the attitude quite necessary. What will happen when production comes up to that called for by the standard of living in the U. S. A. remains to be seen.

At present the time and energy of the people are being taken up by fundamental and gigantic plans and ideas rather than the more *"gentille"* phase of existence.

As far as morals (personal) of individuals go, the real Russians and Communists are just as particular and careful as those of any other country or society. Maybe the moving force is different but the result is the same. On the other hand, the distorted ideas of certain English-speaking people here, on moral and personal questions, are quite selfish and *stupid*. I can see how an ordinary person passing through Moscow might get a misconstrued idea of "what it's all about."

I have been going a few places with a fellow from the American Embassy, but I think I shall cut it out in the future. After all, I can do that sort of thing at home in California, so why travel half way around the world to go out with a young American (very nice), who speaks English all the time, has bourgeois ideas and background, and who is anti-Communist rather than anti-Capitalist (not that I am condemning an individual for what they believe). We have been to some very nice places—the Ballet and Opera at the Bolshoi (Grand) Opera House, dinner-dancing at the Hotel Metropole (which is a very swell place but the height of bourgeoisie.)

The American Embassy holds a very singular position here in Moscow. Of course, the Soviet government is especially kindly disposed toward the American Embassy for several reasons, and not least among them is the personality, Bullitt.

The personal charm and "undiplomatic" friendliness and amity of America's ambassador is appreciated, as evidenced by incidents from very informal parties of members of the Central Party Committee, which includes such men as Voroshilov (who at one party taught Bullitt a Russian dance), Bolotov, and Stalin. Children in the parks, recognizing him, will actually run after him when he is out for a walk, calling to him, "Long live the American Ambassador Bullitt!" At the May Day parade it is customary, of course, for all the foreign diplomats to review the three-hour military parade in the Tribune in Red Square. After the military parade or review (which ends about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon) the foreign diplomats have always left the Tribune, not remaining to see the longest part of the parade—that of the workers. This time the American Embassy group created a friendly atmosphere by staying to see the Proletarian Parade, which is really the most interesting anyway. When the Schutzbunders (young Austrian men who took part in the Austrian uprising in February, 300 of whom are now working in Russia) passed the Tribune in front of Stalin and the rest, great cheering went up. Of course the rest of the foreign diplomats had left already, but Bullitt applauded the Austrians vigorously. When some of the foreign correspondents happened to mention the fact to the ambassador, he said:

> "Of course I did. And even if the Austrian minister had been right beside me I would have applauded all the more. I think that what the Government did to those workers is one of the blackest pages in the history of mankind, and I don't care who knows it!"

Also, the Soviet Union regards the U. S. A. as its most powerful enemy (not nationally but politically) and therefore has that particularly sincere admiration a clear-thinking but earnest person has for his rival. They admire the efficiency and driving power that has come to symbolize America, and are

---

Letters to the home-folks from Moscow, by Ruth Louise Niederhauser, granddaughter of Sydney Strong.

copying its strong points where possible and eliminating its weaknesses, if able to.

However, the Embassy is necessarily capitalistic and bourgeois. You do not find the crowd of social satellites that normally mix with the embassy crowds in European capitalist countries. In the other European countries the most interesting and attractive women are quite pleased to associate with people from the embassies and go out to their functions. On the other hand, what responsible Konsomolka (a young Communist woman) would desire to be escorted about by a young bourgeois representing a capitalistic country—in a style and to places to which ordinary workers cannot afford to go. You see, the places such as the ritzy hotels are exclusively for foreigners and bills are paid in voluta (foreign currency), and amount to about the same prices as in the U. S. A. Or, if one desires to pay in the ordinary rubles, one evening of dinner-dancing would cost a whole month's salary.

Ducia was telling me of a former official of the Chemical Warfare factory where she works. He supposedly went quite frequently to the Hotel Metropole and similar places for good times and stepped quite "wide and handsome." It developed that he had been consistently stealing funds from the factory in order to live in this fashion (an honest worker's salary would have been quite insufficient for these activities). The fate of this certain gentleman was that he was shot. When Ducia told me of the sentence I was quite shocked and disturbed. An embezzler getting the highest punishment while murderers were taken to comfortable, pleasant sanitarium-like colonies, and allowed to carry on a normal and useful existence! Quite disturbing and illogical—at least according to "our" standards.

But think a little bit. An individual does not commit a murder entirely of his own accord unless he is completely loco (which fault can hardly be called his own responsibility), and an individual who commits a murder under any other circumstances is prompted to do so under extremely trying conditions and when his hereditary or environmental conditions have been unsatisfactory. On the other hand, the embezzler could hardly be called "loco" and certainly his actions were not the result of "supremely trying conditions." In addition he can certainly be accused of carrying on a very *effective sabotage against socialist construction,* even though not directly intended, and this crime is the supreme crime of the land since it is directly detrimental to the welfare of millions of workers.

I am well and happy, but miss you four more than you have any idea. John is still my ideal of an all-round fellow and I can think of no bigger treat than being able to boom into Palo Alto, have him meet me with the Willys-Knight and take me out to Creek Drive. Tell Syd that when I come home I expect he will be the most changed of any of you folks—even when one is living with him day after day one can see the great improvement he is making. What a leap it will be when I see him after several years! When I think of you and mother—well, it's easier not to think—I haven't been homesick and don't want to be.

All my love to you four,

BUMPY.

Moscow, USSR.

Dear Mother:

Thank you so much for the letters. I am *not* homesick, but I love you four in Menlo Park more than any other individuals in the world and—well—I like to be reminded that you have not forgotten me and what is more, I like to hear what each of you is doing from time to time.

Yesterday I went to a very beautiful ballet—"Swan Lake," and Somyanova, the greatest of the living ballerinas in the Moscow ballet, danced. It was the most beautiful dancing I have ever seen, and the exquisite perfection of the "formal' ballet itself, of the second act, was breath-taking.

Moscow is the greatest theater-going city in the world. With its some twenty legitimate theaters (including two devoted solely to the grand opera and ballet), everyone goes and there is a "full" house every night. There is no such thing as a "poor" house! The tickets are principally distributed through the factories and various organizations, although one *can* get tickets sometimes at the box office. However, you pay the full price at the box office, while through places of work quite frequently you can get tickets at a considerable discount. Sometimes whole sections are bought up by certain workers' groups.. At the Grand Opera House, for instance, there are certain excellent seats that are always reserved for udarniks (workers who have received recognition for their good work), although it is possible to get tickets to these seats if they are not used, by udarniks at the designated factories or organizations.

Russian opera is magnificent, and the method of production—the costumes, lighting effects, and, above all, the settings—ranks as among the finest in the world. Nothing is spared to make the settings positively magnificent and brilliant. This is not only from my own experience and observation, but also from those who have seen much more than I have. The choruses and ballets in the operas leave nothing to be desired—both are particularly strong and lavishly presented.

It is quite customary for a solo artist to take a starring role one time and a very insignificant part the next time. This practice—limited essentially to a socialist state—is particularly fruitful in that the leading singers are not exploited to the greatest possible extent, but instead are given every opportunity to develop to the highest. Alma Gluck, when she was here in Moscow, gave a very good example of the value of this arrangement. She said that when she made her popular success at the Metropolitan Opera in New York some years ago, she had an exceptional voice and ability, but she sincerely felt that several years spent in smaller parts and some time spent in the opera companies of Europe would erase any uneasiness, any immaturity which a youthful singer of sudden fame is bound to have. She was however, too great a drawing card and they would not let her do as she wished. It was a question of immediately "cashing in" on this newly discovered attraction. The culmination of her artistic ability and strength was not of prime importance.

All my love to you four,

BUMPY.

P. S.—Ask Johnny if he would write down the

names and addresses of all sport magazines (including such as *Field and Stream*). There is a young American fellow who writes the sports for the *Moscow Daily News* and who wants to sell some sport stories to American magazines to make some U. S. money. I told him I had a swell brother who knew everything there was to know about the sport world—and then some.

What are Johnny's plans for the summer? Is he going back to Deep Springs next year? There is no reason why Johnny should not come to the USSR. A job on a ship is simple for a fellow of his qualifications. If he arrived here with qualifications along some scientific line (such as biology), he could have the keys to the city.

Moscow, USSR.

Dear Syd.:

Thank you for the letter. How is Lady and what did you do with her puppies? Did you keep any of them?

Here in Moscow you don't see any dogs at all, but there are lots of horses and wagons—even on the principal streets and boulevards—right in the heart of the city! There are very few private automobiles as yet—and almost every person who drives is either a taxi driver, truck driver, or a special chauffeur. There are practically no women driving, and if they do drive they are dressed like men—except for a skirt. You can imagine what a curiosity it is for me to have a license in Moscow and to be driving a machine. It was very funny when I took my driving tests in order to get my license. They took one look at this young girl, and obviously thought "Impossible—she won't be able to drive." But I showed 'em. In fact, I "took them for a ride."

So you want a German camera—well, right now American money is not worth very much in Germany, but if the Soviet press is any indication, it won't be long before you can get a camera for two bits!

I am hungry for a maple-nut cone at the Peninsula. I wish I could take you to the Varsity for a good double-bill and for some ice cream afterwards.

How did you finish out school? All O. K.? What are you going to do this summer? I bet the creek across the street isn't a bad place at all for a boy and his dog.

Learn to spell *concerned*. You spelled it with an "s". After correcting you, I glanced back over my own letter to see how many words I have misspelled! Perhaps there are some. For every one you find and call my attention to I will give you a dish of ice-cream!

Love, BUMPY.

Moscow, USSR.

Hello, Handsome—

Still making the fair hearts flutter? Don't be too rough with them.

Moscow is not half bad—when I came here I expected hardships and limitations, but there have been none as yet. Life is, I'll admit, quite different from home, and material comforts are not what they are at home in California. But the advantages, cultural and recreational, are for the average person *far* above anything they have in the USA or can have, as far as I can see.

Throughout Moscow there are what are called Parks of Culture and Rest—what they really are are refined "Coney Islands" and then some. There are, of course, ferris wheels, a kind of merry-go-round, "mad-houses," shooting galleries, lunching places, boat and canoe houses, swimming along the shores of the Moscow River, and lunch shops. In addition there are, as for instance at the Central Park of Culture and Rest, two theaters (one indoor and the other an outdoor Greek theater), a good one-ring circus, several outdoor band-stands, a parachute-jumping tower, a dance pavilion, several restaurants, a boxing arena, a large reading room, a fairly well-stocked library, and well-equipped nurseries for babies and children (the whole family can come to the Park, and spend the whole day, leaving the younger members at the nurseries, every member having a better time than he would have otherwise). This particular Park extends along the banks of the Moscow River for about seven miles and is about half a mile wide. (It only costs several pennies to get into the Park, and tickets to the theater, circuses, etc., are very inexpensive.) From the entrance, the first mile and a half or two miles are taken up with all these buildings and equipment. Then there is a beautiful park, or rather wood, which extends the rest of the way. Formerly the first part of the Park was a swamp and the other end of the Park was the extensive gardens and woods of former estates along the river. In the lower end of the Park, in the gardens and woods, there are several villas left standing which are used as one-day rest homes for people who want a brief rest, *right in the city limits of Moscow*. For instance, the mother of a family can go there for twenty-four hours, have her children taken care of at the nurseries, and have no duties or cares at all.

Of course there are many rest-homes and vacation villas out of Moscow and especially in the south in the Crimea and the Caucasus, where workers can go once a year for one month—sometimes longer. When a worker goes to such a place he receives his month's salary even though on vacation—and his one month's salary pays at least half, and sometimes all, of his expenses on a grand vacation to any fine resort or watering place.

There are also what are known as Proletarian Tours, which I shall probably go on sometime in September or October, for my vacation (I have a month's vacation with pay after I have been here six months). They are organized for every part of the Soviet Union—for the south, for the Caucasus, even for pack trips on horseback to the mountains of eastern Siberia. I shall probably go on a hiking tour in the Caucasus. The cost of these Proletarian tours is ridiculously low.

Of course all is not perfect—I can now see a cockroach or a bedbug and not faint dead away from discomfort. The transportation in the city and outside is very inefficient and inadequate. The trams that run in Moscow are *always* crowded beyond belief from seven in the morning until nine at night. Everyone enters at the rear and has to fight their way to the front if they want to get off. No one can get off the back end, and only old men and pregnant women can get on at the front end. One really should ride on one of those Bedlams to fully appreciate the mad scramble. I have on one occasion gone three stops beyond the place I wanted to get off because I could not fight my

way out the front end, being caught midway between the front and the back. Of course the Moscow subway, which is now scheduled to begin operation this next February, will alleviate the critical state of affairs —until then—

The people intend to be quite accommodating and well-meaning, but actually they are exasperatingly slow and inefficient. (I being used to the ways of the most efficient country in the world.) Never ask a policeman where a street is because he won't know—however, if he does happen to know, he will willingly walk five blocks to show you where it is! The story goes that an American woman asked a policeman where a certain street was. He shrugged his shoulders—he didn't know! The woman was quite put out and said, "What a country! You certainly don't know your business." The policeman looked at her coldly and said: "*My* business! Well, you're the one who's trying to find the place aren't you?"

Never have I seen such construction. Every block, every corner has some construction going on. If it isn't a building, it is the street itself or even the subway which necessitates whole blocks being torn up for a time. They are, however, working night and day, literally, to complete plans.

Well, at this point I am winded and I bet you are bored —— so-o-o———

Will you please send me that list of sport magazines—any that you can get hold of.

Love,

BUMPY.

———

Moscow, USSR.

Dear Mother—

Just a note this time to tell you that I got your June 13th letter today—very fast going.

I did not receive your cable—by all means collect on it—because cables from your side are very expensive—from this side they are about a fourth what they are at home! Don't send me any more cables unless absolutely necessary—they are too expensive in the U. S. A.!

I am surprised that you have received only two letters to date—I have written at least four, maybe five, since you received the first double letter.

Last week I went on an overnight trip to Svenigorod, the "Switzerland" of Russia, about 80 km. from Moscow. The occasion was an outing in honor of the Schutzbunders—heroic refugees from the Austrian atrocities of February and later. We arrived at the railroad station (some five km. from Svenigorod) in a pouring rain, but the party officials and the countryside were all out to meet the excursionists. The road to Svenigorod was, typically, nothing but a narrow wagon road ankle-deep in mud (actually)! However, the Schutzbunder's twenty-five-piece band was with us so we marched through the five km. of mud and drowning rain to the tune of revolution songs. We gaily marched carrying the red banners and posters high overhead, while the rain streaked us with the nonwater-proof paint. That night a bunch of us had to sleep on straw in a school-house. It was rather fun.

Today I was examined by the trade union committee for admission into the trade union. I passed and will get my final book in two weeks (12 days). I was asked, among other things, what my father did, was he reactionary, did he own any property, why did I come to the Soviet Union, etc.

You know, it is almost necessary to have a trade union book, because if you are not working you of course get almost no privileges, and if you are a respectable worker you are of course a member of the trade union. In other words, your trade union book is a sign that you are working!

Love,

BUMPY.

P. S.—What do you think of the purple ink? Don't worry. I haven't developed that flare that goes with purple ink—it just happens that all the ink in the Soviet Union, it seems, is this fancy purple stuff—all the offices use it—all the schools—everywhere it is used.

The Indian National Congress: Bombay 1934

[*From a Special Correspondent*]

The last week of October witnessed the momentous session of the Indian National Congress in Bombay with Rajendra Prasad, the renowned leader of Bihar as President, and Mahatma Gandhi directing, for the last time, the deliberations of the Congress. Every change of a vital character that Gandhi wanted has been carried out and every proposition that Congressmen were asked to accept voluntarily have been adopted. Thus Gandhi, even in his retirement, proved himself to be the most potent force in determining public opinion, and when the whole Congress rose as one man to record its feeling of respect, gratitude and love, Gandhi shone, as ever the lodestar of the soul of Modern India. Yet, in the face of such overwhelming evidence of loyalty on the part of the nation, the Great Leader reaffirmed his conviction that for the benefit of the Congress he must retire:

> You may say I am not imposing myself, but I feel I am, and it is better that I retire.

With the sublime detachment of a surgeon, Gandhi proceeded to perform operations on the Congress-body suffering from malignant growths and internal decompositions. Government repression, ever since the imprisonment of Gandhi on his return from the Second Round Table Conference in 1931, drove the Congress to drift to unhealthy secrecy and subterfuge. The frank and heroic attitude of suffering implied by the noble ideal of non-violent non-cooperation, was threatened to be overwhelmed by a spirit of intrigue and diplomacy. War under such conditions was unholy as it would lead inevitably to demoralization of the army. And with a *clairvoyance* that Gandhi alone can command, he proclaimed:

> I am not so foolish a general as to continue at the head of a force when I feel that no good can come of it.

It is premature to speculate now as to what will be the result of this retirement of Gandhi upon the Congress as a whole. One great result of the move is the acceptance of the modifications to the Constitution that surely will increase the moral solidarity as well as the business efficiency of the Congress.

> If we have a few men who really identify themselves with

the masses (said Gandhi), and who think not of themselves but of the villages, you have solved the whole problem and have brought *Swaraj* nearer by millions of leagues. That is what I hope I am aspiring after and what I would like everyone to aspire after. We want to become a body of business men.

Thus the unwieldy body of 6,000 delegates was reduced to 2,000 only. The rural area, entitled now to have 1,489 delegates and the urban area 511 delegates only. Thus the undue influence of the sophisticated city population was counteracted and justice done, for the first time, to the teeming millions of the Indian villages. The latter should form the basis of all reforms and reconstruction and Gandhi now goes forward to throw his whole influence to the amelioration of the condition of the villages, if not through the Congress, at least in close cooperation with Congress-workers who would come voluntarily, under the influence of Gandhi, to develop his grand projects of the All-India Spinners Association, the Anti-Untouchability League and the newly-created All-India Village Industries Association —each organically connected with the other and attending to some of the crying needs of the Indian villages which are apt to be ignored or indefinitely postponed, amidst the din and bustle of city politics. In this subcontinent of 350,000,000 souls, about 80 per cent still live on the soil in sadly neglected villages and their mute suffering found voice for the first time in Gandhi who is determined to devote the rest of his days to the service of this unfortunate mass of humanity. Political leadership thus assumed a new character in course of his estatic march on foot from village to village and Gandhi reached a new revelation of spirit expressed through his last pronouncement on Democracy:

The essence of democracy is not in a numerical majority or in numbers. Even one person may represent the whole spirit of democracy if he reduced himself to zero and merged himself into the ocean of humanity. Fifty thousand people may all be born autocrats. You have the experience of oligarchy. We have here not 250 sub-governors, but, if you have penetrated the Imperialist System, we have got here 70,000 sub-governors. The whole of the European population consider themselves members of the ruling class. They have isolated themselves from India's millions. The moment you touch them they are defiled. They are supposed to belong to a country which is governed by democratic institutions. You and I know to our cost what precious little democracy there is in these governors of ours. Supposing, instead of 70,000 governors we had only seventy Indians, or say seventy Europeans who had become Indianized and represented the spirit of Indian humanity. What would they be? Shall we not say that it is they who represent India and not we who today seek to represent India very differently?

There are flashes in this pronouncement, which remind us of Abraham Lincoln: that great incarnation of political idealism in America. Far from being abstract, Gandhi's idealism is born of the most profoundly realistic appraisement of the actualities of Indian life as they are reflected not through the spectacular march of party politics but through the suffering of the weltering mass of humanity in Indian villages.

The significance of this new orientation was not lost upon the Congress as we feel while we read the observations of Dr. Ansaro, the greatest Nationalist Moslem leader and an ex-president of the Congress:

Mr. Gandhi's retirement was the greatest challenge to congressmen to do better than they had done before. It should act as an incentive to greater efforts and greater achievements.

Mr. V. F. Nariman, chairman of the Reception Committee, is a member of the smallest community (Zoroastrian) of India and yet he occupies, purely by the strength of non-communal votes, one of the key positions in the Congress. His case, he said, was the most complete vindication of the Congress position and he paid a warm tribute to the noble band of sufferers in the non-violent struggle of the nation. He especially stressed the grand contribution of India's awakening womanhood to this cause:

On every front they (Indian women) formed an integral part and each triumph was made possible only by their extraordinary sense of discipline, display of courage and deep-rooted feeling of patriotism.

Rajendra Prasad, the President-elect, has already attained international fame through his brilliant organization of relief for the suffering millions of Bihar stricken by the last earthquake. He gave in his short yet telling presidential address the best summary of the events of the national struggle from March, 1931, when the Congress met at Karachi to the present day. He further gave us a most able analysis of the *White Paper* exposing thoroughly the policy of the British government "of managing Indian affairs in the interests not of India but of Great Britain."

With regard to the change of policy he said very characteristically:

The suspension of the Civil Disobedience movement was declared not with reference to any declaration of policy by Government, but with reference to the peculiar *moral* and *spirital character of our struggle.*

Here, Rajendra Prasad spoke as a true disciple and collaborator of Mahatma Gandhi who startled the thousands of men and women attending the 69th Session of the Congress with these profoundly enigmatic words:

If you prove that you are *non-violent,* then whether I am on the top of Mount Everest or in the bowels of the earth, I shall appear and lead you to the goal.

With these words ringing in its ear, the Indian National Congress, organized in Bombay in 1885, stepped into the 50th year of its existence.

KALIDAS NAG.

Calcutta, India

All Men's Portion

O Freedom! still thy ringing harp should sound,
The dull to rouse, the pitiless to wake;
For still the hearts of men and women break,
And still the cry of suffering is drowned
By heedless merry-makers. Earth around
The weak are crushed, the giant-handed slake
At love's expense their lust of power, and take
Their ease in plenty, while the poor are bound.

It is not now the Age for Tooth and Claw;
It is the Age for Plenty and for Peace,
With air and sea and earth all shouting "Yours!"
A vaster wealth than Midas dreamed or saw
Is all men's portion. Is the Golden Fleece
To warm the drones alone, and not the doers?

JAMES H. WEST.

War Planes

Hate is riding the sky with roaring breath,
Strewing the peopled earth with leaden death!

The skies to which men used to look in prayer
Are raining pestilence and stark despair!

Vampires of fire and slaughter made by men,
Whom lust of warfare turns to beasts again,

Are dripping ghastly horror while they glide,
And scream a mad defiance far and wide.

Blot out the stars with smoke and surging flame
And sow the earth with curses, blood, and shame!

MYRTLE G. BURGER.

The Preacher's Dilemma

The preacher's dilemma is set by the open war which has broken out between his two primary roles, namely, his role as sympathetic student and reconciler of conflicting social groups and his role as leader of idealistic and meliorating forces in his community.

The liberal spirit loves to view religion in all its phases as uniting different and even opposite tendencies. He thinks of its dualisms with that expanding catholic spirit which embraces all of life. He accepts religion both as the agent of reconciliation and as the impassioned advocate of a cause; as the unifying social principle and as the prophetic fire; as the selective agency and also as the comprehending category. But today the priest and the prophet are at war in the minister's soul.

He still tries to fill the job of spiritual liaison officer, difficult as that is. He is trying to live not only in the world of time and space but in all the little special worlds as well. In the world of the artist, of the engineer, and of the scientist; in the world of the professional man; in the world of the business man and of the common laborer; in that complex world of the domestic circle. He seeks to find formulae, categories, which will be adequate to house them all and give them a sense of belonging together. He sends his soul out through the universe to find the key to the secret of social reconciliation. He feels he must find somehow, somewhere, the organic connection which must lie between these narrow isolated, hostile worlds. The urge toward creating in the world of reality his dream of social organism wells up irresistibly within him.

But the difficulties of his task have grown enormously in these swiftly moving times until today they appear quite insurmountable. He begins to feel the necessity of choosing between his two historic functions. The young minister of my acquaintance is not content merely to body forth in elegant form his heart's desire. For the most part he has a healthy respect for facts, and in his nobler moments a passion for the truth. At times to him as well as to the poet truth may be "more sweet than freedom, more desired than joy, more sacred than the pleasing of a friend." And it is this tyrannical loyalty to what is true which is confronting today his dream of social solidarity.

The bitter civil war which is going on more or less openly in this country, in France, in Great Britain, and which is being waged underground in other industrial nations, too palpably gives the lie to any assumption of good will among classes of opposed economic interest. The fanatical nationalism which is manufactured to smother class war seems to need the continuous reinforcement of the military. The dictator and the industrialist will learn soon or late that nothing put over ever stays put. And the preacher is waking up to the situation. The scales are falling from his eyes. He to whom selfishness is no stranger has never met it in so efficient, so heartless, and so colossal a form as he is finding it in modern industrial society.

The young preacher is concluding that in such a society and from a time point of view the first question before the nation is the question of economic security. It involves a willingness on the part of the rich to share their wealth with the lower economic classes. If the sharing can be achieved voluntarily that will be fine. If it must be accomplished involuntarily, it nevertheless must be accomplished.

We have been listening to panegyrics on the theme of liberty, but I do not find myself growing enthusiastic. Whose liberty are they talking about? The liberty to starve to death is no priceless heritage of the American Revolution. That kind of liberty doesn't need any Bill of Rights to sustain it. And if what is meant is the liberty of the strong to enslave the weak then I say it is time to curtail this priceless heritage.

The question is not a collectivist versus an individualist economic society. That question has been settled. It has been determined by the inventor and the investor. The future belongs to collectivism. The real issue is to whom does collectivism belong. If reason prevailed in the affairs of men we might have the benefits of both systems. But if we cannot have both at once it is as certain as things can be in this uncertain world that we shall have something different from what we now have.

We have set a part of the stage for the preacher's dilemma. Let us glance at the other part and then draw the curtain. The preacher's dilemma only begins when he views the economic and political fields with seeing eyes. Deeper problems await him in the world of the intangibles. We have been passing through an intellectual revolution which ranks with the major transformations in the history of human thought. We have been passing from a relatively unclouded cosmic benignancy to a conception of life whose ultimate ends are beyond us—whose present evidence belies the sweetness and light of Channing, the Father and Mother God of Parker and the omnipresent potent divinity which the mild Emerson sang.

Is the liberal church responding with that fresh, flexible, resourceful and daring thinking for which the times cry out? I cannot hear such a response. Unitarianism seems likely to be to Protestantism what the Reformation was to Catholic dogma—only a half-way house on the road to intellectual emancipation. Our liberal faith is dangerously like the humanism of the Italian Renaissance. Symonds in his "Catholic Reaction" describes it thus:

> Humanism effected the emancipation of intellect by culture. It called attention to the beauty and delightfulness of nature, restored man to a sense of his dignity, and freed him from theological authority. But in Italy at any rate, it left his conscience, his religion, his sociological ideas, the deeper problems which concern his relation to the universe, the subtler secrets of the world in which he lives, untouched.

And so, concludes William Graham Sumner, it was a fad and was insincere.

How closely does that lash strike us? Humanist and theist alike have sung the song of nature and of the nobility of human nature. We have sounded our own particular blast against theological authority. Have we refined and intensified conscience — especially the intellectual conscience? Have we reformed religion—that is, the assumptions upon which men habitually base their activities? Have we labored with the facts of social interaction? Have we who face the won-

der and the terror of a depersonalized universe faced it with courage or without courage? Have we not rather spoken with only half a heart of vague cosmic support for our values and permitted the impression to remain that underneath are the old familiar everlasting arms? Or perhaps we have surrendered all critical function and accepted the universe in gross. Have we not done anything but face the essential tragedy of life and death? It seems to one young preacher that we have done everything but hold the mirror up to nature before a congregation that came asking for something else.

And this brings us to the dilemma. The congregations in the liberal churches of my acquaintance are not exactly on fire for a socialized collectivism or a rigidly limited spiritual horizon. On the earth they are attached to property and insist on law and order and once in the clouds they will have nothing to do with fences and respect no speed laws. That hypothetical and really impossible person called the average Unitarian does not look like a proletarian and does not think like an agnostic. Where then does this leave the preacher?

In theological discussion the Unitarian has been used to calling a spade a spade. In this area of discussion he was addressing a literate group. In the realm of social change where the financial and commercial relationships are at stake his position is no better than that of other preachers—in some cases not so well off. The skeptical should compare the resolutions debated by the recent New York State Methodist Conference and those presented at this year's May Meetings in Boston.

However carefully he may have investigated the facts, however scrupulously he may have explored the field of values, however neatly he may have framed his thoughts, if his general position sets itself squarely against the general interest of his parishioners, he is lost. He is a man whose thoughts are all dressed up with no place to go—at least they will not be welcomed in his parish. Our Secretary, Mr. Bragg, likes to joke about it. The preacher he defines as a man to whom people pay money to say things they don't want to hear. But it is not a joke. In Iowa recently the Lutherans objected to the term Protestant because they believe the Protestant sects have traveled too far away from the orginial Christian faith. Yet a prominent Lutheran minister could preach a sermon at a union Thanksgiving service on a strictly economic theme the substance of which would have been unacceptable to many Unitarian parishes of my acquaintance.

So far as the new world view is concerned, the natural variations from parish to parish become unnatural variations. Where one group is anxiously seeking a completely new orientation to the whole of life, a dozen others prefer the state of vegetative somnolescence. My own limited experience of liberal congregations leads me to suppose that a passive enthusiasm is the best reception given any sincere attempt at philosophical reorientation.

What is the answer to the problem? What shall we do with the dilemma? Here is new truth —uprooting ancient attitudes, sacred faiths, comforting intellectual habits. Here is a revolutionary social situation which demands immediate and drastic change. And here is an eager advocate of utopia standing before his tolerant and well-intentioned people with his head swimming with proposals, arguments, pleas, prophecies, and his tongue —*tied!* Not by his people's wills, but by their interests. Not by vote of the board of trustees, but by that diabolical dead weight they call the cultural lag. His tongue is tied not by the expressed edict, but by the unexpressed and inescapable situation in which they are all placed.

The preacher could split his congregation on any one of a dozen issues before them. Such is the temper of these days. But he didn't go into the ministry to wreck religious institutions. Yet he must answer the imperative voice of duty as he hears it or life will become for him a hell on earth. And here is the pity of it: the man who believes that the function of the religious service is to bind his people close together in the bonds of a common consciousness and then to raise that consciousness to higher levels—this man must take his cue from another preacher of another day and say "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

This as I see it is the preacher's dilemma. I wish I knew the way out.

JAMES DAHIR.

The Study Table

Secretary Wallace Interprets the New Deal

Whatever other shortcomings the present administration may be guilty of, no one can accuse its members of not being highly articulate when it comes to explaining its policies and its social program. Perhaps no other administration in our history has been so definitely literary. We have had books or magazine articles presenting the program and the claims of the New Deal from the President himself, from Mr. Wallace, Mr. Ickes, Mr. Richberg, Mr. Moley and Mr. Tugwell. By far the most indefatigable *littérateur* of them all is Mr. Wallace who, in the midst of his arduous duties as head of a department which is one of the most vital in the working out of the present governmental program, has found time in the past year to produce a pamphlet setting forth his economic beliefs, called "America Must Choose," a series of lectures published under the title, "Statesmanship and Religion," and the present volume, "New Frontiers."* Secretary Wallace is not only the most prolific of the New Deal evangels but he is the most persuasive and the easiest to read. In his writing there is none of that somewhat syrupy, just-folksy quality that makes the reading of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches and "fireside talks" pretty rough sledding for a lot of people, nor is there any of the grim, humorless earnestness of Mr. Ickes, or the vague, high-sounding generality of his colleague in the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Tugwell. And compared to the involved and tortuous style of "The Challenge to Liberty," which that relict of rugged individualism, Mr. Hoover, has just contributed to the boredom of the nation, his books take on the classic perfection of a Marcel Proust.

"New Frontiers" is not only the best of Henry Wallace's writings to date, but it is the first rational

*"New Frontiers," by Henry A. Wallace. Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. $2.00.

full-length presentation of the economic and social philosophy underlying the New Deal. If you want to know in general terms what it is the present administration is striving for, you cannot do better than read this book. It will not give you a detailed picture of how the government is carrying out its program of "bloodless revolution" save in Mr. Wallace's own special field of agriculture, nor will it explain the many inconsistencies and concessions to the old order which render the New Deal suspect in so many ways but it will make clear the general outlines of the Rooseveltian philosophy and will point out the way the government may conceivably be expected to go in the future. This in itself is an important function in view of the general vacillation and uncertainty in regard to policy which all too often has seemed to characterize official Washington in the past two years.

Mr. Wallace believes that our competitive capitalistic set-up in its most virulent form has got to go before we can have any degree of widespread economic stability and social justice. In this connection he makes, curiously enough, the same traffic-light analogy that Mr. Hoover uses in "The Challenge to Liberty." In speaking of the old free-booter capitalists he says, "With their devotion to unlimited competition, these people seem to think the traffic lights should be removed so motorists and pedestrians might illustrate the doctrine of the survival of the fittest at every street corner. It is necessary in a democracy to furnish the red and green lights to guide the traffic, but not to supply drivers for every car on the road."

In this last sentence we have in essence the philosophy of Henry A. Wallace. He believes, I take it, in capitalism, in private property and private initiative, but he feels that if the ideal of our national society is to be the greatest good for the largest number, capitalism has got to be modified and controls applied by a disinterested agency, i.e., the government. Is not this the aim of the New Deal as well? Dr. Wirt and Mark Sullivan and other imaginative souls may see an aura of Red over it all but the fact seems indisputable that Roosevelt is no more against capitalism than he is against large navies which is to say he's in favor of it. But Roosevelt is awake to the fact that something is rotten and has to be cut out if the system is expected to survive and prosper. The New Deal is an attempt to salvage capitalism, not to destroy it.

The major aims of the Roosevelt New Deal, according to Mr. Wallace, are these:

1. A job for every one who wants one.
2. Wages high enough to leave no one in serious want.
3. Hours of labor short enough to give every one time to enjoy life.
4. Adequate insurance against unemployment and old age; perhaps, also, against injury and sickness.
5. Comfortable housing at moderate cost for all.
6. Sufficient planned utilization of the land and other natural resources so that unnecessary depletion by erosion and similar processes will be avoided.
7. Maintenance of such democratic institutions as free speech, free criticism and free conscience.

This may or may not, according to one's own economic beliefs, be an adequate or possible program in the present crisis but within its limitations Mr. Wallace writes clearly and pertinently about the evils of capitalism and the proposed cures. It is obvious that he, perhaps more than any other man high in the present government councils, is well grounded in economics and hence is able to present a program of social planning which—unlike those of the thousand and one political messiahs in and out of the government—is comprised of something more than four-fifths platitudes and one-fifth economic ignorance. Mr. Wallace knows his facts, he knows what he wants, and he realizes just where he is going to be able to go ahead and where he is going to have to make concessions to the system under which we operate. But there is nothing cocksure or dogmatic about him as witness his willingness to concede the mistakes and shortcomings of his program. His utter frankness in this regard is well illustrated by his remark that "the plowing under of 10,000,000 acres of cotton and the slaughter of 6,000,000 little pigs were not acts of idealism in any sane society."

Reading this book one cannot escape the feeling that Henry A. Wallace represents a high type of American statesmanship which appears to be fast dying out. Equipped with a highly scientific and critical mind, and imbued with a passion for democracy and social justice which has its roots in his Middle Western, religious background, he is the sort of individual who rarely finds his way into our government service and once there finds the inevitable compromise with his ideals too great for his spiritual comfort. But Wallace is made of stern stuff and there is small danger of his becoming disillusioned. His fundamental beliefs and hopes are summed up in the following paragraph:

> The disillusioned, cynical element of the old world believes that it is impossible to realize the physical objectives of a new deal without violating democratic institutions. We who are concerned with the American New Deal believe that if the people understand not only the rights but the duties that follow, it is possible to attain the rights by submitting cheerfully and willingly to a self-imposed social discipline. We can work this out together day by day as we press into the future. There can be a rebirth of genuine democracy, and there can flow from it whatever social discipline the future requires.

Mr. Wallace's type of idealism, needless to say, is not popular with extremists. The conservatives look upon him as an arch revolutionary bent on the destruction of our most cherished institutions, and the radicals feel he is a reactionary trying to bolster up decaying capitalism. The surprising thing is that we have no effective body of criticism in this country directed against the Wallace ideals. Critics of the right like Henry Hazlitt and of the left like John T. Flynn are able sharpshooters but neither of them offer any alternative to the New Deal; and in the case of Mr. Flynn, an increasing tendency to be pontifical and all-wise goes a long way towards rendering ineffective much of his criticism. For the rest, there are the millionaires of the American Liberty League and the professional communists and anybody knows that their combined intelligence quota compares unfavorably with that of a second-grade schoolboy.

All of which does not mean that the New Deal contains the sum total of economic wisdom. A John Strachey could probably pick it to pieces in brilliant fashion and perhaps will in his forthcoming book, "The Nature of the Capitalist Crisis." It would be a healthy thing if we could develop a few home critics of the stature of Strachey as an antidote for some of the more glaring mistakes of the New Deal.

But whatever we may think of specific details of their program it seems only fair to acknowledge the valiant efforts of President Roosevelt and his fellow New Dealers to devise a plan to lead us out of economic distress and provide for a future which will eliminate some of the insanities and injustices of the old order. Of course, they have made mistakes, both in ideas and in men. As far as men go the New Deal is at its worst

in James A. Farley. It is at its best in Henry A. Wallace and in "New Frontiers" he gives us the most able statement and convincing defense of it that has yet appeared.

MORTIMER BREWSTER SMITH.

Le Bel Anglais

"Malbrook's riding to the wars,
None knows when returning,"

was the burden of Bonaparte's cheery whistle, as, to the muttered maledictions of millions, he mounted his charger for the steppes of Russia . . . Sir John Fortescue, in this earlier Appleton production, recreates both stage and setting for the earlier eighteenth-century, when *le bel Anglais,* England's Napoleon, began his colossal campaigns accompanied by a royal chorus of curses. A career so memorable, so magnificent, so deeply epic, deserves more than passing attention (especially in view of Winston Churchill's recently-erected monument to an illustrious ancestor): wherefore, we shall review briefly Marlborough's life and work as here presented.*

Sprung from a long lineage of roistering squires, a profound student of such masters as Turenne and Conde, wedded to the overweening Sarah Jennings, Jack Churchill launches in 1683 his resplendent personality on the ever-rising battle-tide of his times, trimming his sails to suit each adverse wind, changing tack as circumstances dictate, undominated by any ethical overlordship whatsoever—quite the *ton,* to be sure, admirably suited to an era producing Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great, *and* Jonathan Wild. Hence we see Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, serving successively Charles II, James II, William I, and Anne all with the same serene affability and magniloquent treachery. At the death of William, world Armageddon looms imminent over the Spanish succession; and Churchill finds himself in the saddle, commander of an embattled Europe, facing the enormous omnipotence of France, drunk with power and glory, determined through her vainglorious sovereign, to rule the earth. How Marlborough, aided by the revengeful Eugene, brought those ambitious designs to naught, constitutes a martial pageant paralleled only by Paul Frischauer's prototype of the Savoyard: Europe in the *grand siecle* rises before our eyes, and on this tremendous stage is decided the destiny of humanity. All the panoply of eighteenth-century warfare, its doubtful splendors and its undoubted horrors, sweeps the scene with pomp and circumstance to enthrall: the glamor of Marlborough's magic camps; his dreadsome arsenals of destruction; his surprise attacks, rapid and terrible as the lightning; his calm collaboration with Eugene in unrivalled military masterpieces; his sole demolition of Vauban's invincible frontier fortifications; his greatest victories, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, daring innovations upon the warfare of his age whereby he shattered the entire fabric of French supremacy—these glories are portrayed by the dramatist in swift, soldierly fashion, with marvelous mass effects and infernal lighting. Above it all, like some mighty martial god, towers Marlborough himself, possessing invincible good temper, patient, gentle, captivating of charm, granite of will, transcendental of common sense: riding the whirlwind to direct the storm cold, calm, resolute, like Fate. All the vast supporting company seem pawns to this super-Jonathan Wild the Great: Charles II, James II, Louis XIV, Monmouth, Orange, Anne, Eugene, Harley, St. John, Villars, Tallard, Vendome—kings, queens, princes, generals, statesmen, he moves them from place to place at his good pleasure; and, at *finis* of this stupendous sweeping spectacle, finest of the Appletons, he looms triumphant, his power and prestige undimmed, the lilies trampled beneath his brazen feet. Thoroughly *great* in the Fieldingesque phrase, his personal beauty and his adoration for his sublime Sarah, easily command our sympathy: and if the dramatist (also his most capable apologist) fails to gloss over his early infamies or disguise his selfish aggrandizement, he at least creates within us a real awe for so tremendous an engine of destruction—a certain elusive pleasure, too, with the realization that our hero belongs to an age which is no more.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

*"Marlborough," by Sir John Fortescue. Published by Appleton, 1932. $1.50.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 162)

of the Presbyterian Church, either.

"The reason is that it is full of articles set down for belief which no one can accept literally today. So, too, are other books of dogma. This accounts very largely for the estrangement of so many people, not only ministers of religion, from the churches to which they belong.

"Dr. Strong believes, however, that there never was an age when more interest was taken in the principles of Christianity than that of today, among thoughtful people.

"World-wide principles of humanitarianism, the deep revulsion of all classes and nations against war, what are these but expressions of deep religious feeling? This is to me an illustration of true Christianity, and the more of it we have the better, for if the world is to be won to Christ, trade and commerce will not win it!

"In this sense we may speak of a revival of Christianity taking shape in our midst today. But as yet its form is not very definite. This is mainly because we are at present in the throes of a crisis in religious thought, when the old has lost its grip on a large number of people, and the new has not arrived in tangible form.

"The mass of the people are not thinking very deeply. Modern conditions of study, in science, mechanics, politics and the rest, have blunted the keen edge of man's thought, which formerly led him to meditate on the deeper things in life.

"Then, too, the struggle for existence and money is so keen that people have little time to spare for such research, particularly when ways of amusement are so plentiful and so cheap.

"This is also partly due to the changes in the system of education. Today, religion, in the deeper sense, is really only a sideline in education. How to get it in an acceptable form to the youth of today is a problem, for youth lives in a very full world in the twentieth century.

"I do not suggest in any sense that the young men and women of today are worse morally than their predecessors. I believe, however, that those who are commissioned with the training of young people should try to realize that modern education does not really strike the deepest chords in human nature."

"The Secretary of the Metropolitan Council of Labor Party (Mr. J. K. Dunkley), instructed by the Council today called on Dr. Strong

and conveyed birthday greetings and an appreciation of his work for social reform."

The Arms Industry at Work

By H. C. Engelbrecht

With a dozen points of friction keeping the international situation hot and tense, it is interesting to watch the armament industry and its total disregard for all political alliances or hatreds. Irrespective of politics, the motto of the arms industry is "Business as usual" and most of the large armament companies sell as a matter of course to forty or fifty nations. Irrespective also of the post-war treaties the manufacture and sale of arms goes on as though no compacts existed. A few illustrations from recent years will bear out this contention.

Germany is forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles to manufacture more armaments than she needs for her treaty army, and is prohibited from all exportation of arms. Yet what is the record? In the League of Nations figures on the export of arms (which unfortunately, are hardly more than twenty per cent correct), no fewer than thirteen countries list Germany as their chief source of imports. In 1930 twenty-two countries cited Germany as their first or second source of supply. Such explanations of this extraordinary phenomenon as the need of arms for sporting purposes and the fact that some of the exports referred to arms in transit, can account for only a small percentage of the total.

The Treaty of Versailles ordered the destruction of arms-making machinery and much of it was actually destroyed. But many German companies merely stored their machines in neighboring countries and since the rise of Hitler have had it returned to Germany. The import figures of German commerce, particularly those pertaining to iron ore used in armaments, copper, scrap iron, and nickel all point to great activity in the German armament industry.

In 1925 Poland decided to build a machine-gun factory. The "hated" Germans built the factory and equipped it, and that factory is today working on orders for Soviet Russia. With the Germans thus accommodating their "hostile" neighbor, it is not surprising that Germany's neighbors should be just as helpful to Germany. In 1930 and 1931, Skoda, the French-owned armament factory of Czechoslovakia, exported large amounts of guns and explosives to Germany. In the past year many astonishing sales have been made. The French are reported as selling four hundred tanks to Hitler by way of Holland. For a time, only recently, British arms manufacturers advertised their wares in German magazines. British aircraft makers accepted an order for sixty combat planes from Hitler, and only the intervention of the British Air Ministry stopped delivery.

Hungary is another country which is forbidden by treaty to rearm. But Hungary's friends—and enemies—thought it too bad that this business should be lost. The French arms maker, Schneider, apparently did some armament work for Hungary and Hungary could not pay. So Schneider induced the French government to make a loan to Hungary for the exact amount of the bill owed. This was done and the loan transmitted not through the regular channels of the Bank of France, but through Schneider's own bank. Mussolini's Italy is of course more anxious to have its friend, Hungary, armed than is France. In spite of the Treaty of Trianon, Italy has been shipping arms into Hungary. Sometimes they are caught, because they must cross Austria before they reach Hungary. In the St. Gothard incident a consignment of arms was discovered on a railroad train, but it was impossible to discover the shipper. In the Hirtenberg incident Italy had succeeded in sending arms as far as the Austrian town of Hirtenberg, whence they were to be sent by van to Hungary. But England and France protested—to Austria!—and the arms were returned to Italy. In these two cases the shipments were found. It is not unreasonable to suppose that many other shipments were not discovered, because Hungary today is a fairly well-armed country, capable of placing in the field an army of 300,000 fully armed men.

The Far Eastern situation is also particularly interesting. As recently as 1930, Japan sold 37.5 per cent of all arms used in China! Most of these were probably paid for by pillaging in the Chinese villages. Today the Chinese are dealing with American arms makers, especially in respect to airplanes. After a convincing demonstration of the American fighting plane, by former Army flyers, the Chinese first hired American pilots to teach their aviators and then agreed to the erection of an American airplane factory in Hangchow. At the same time the United States, in the shape of its arms exporters, is selling scrap iron and other war materials to the Japanese. The Russians, the potential enemies of the Japanese, are likewise buying armaments in the United States.

Thus the merry game goes on, placing financial gain above peace and above all international alliances or friendships, disturbing the already muddied waters of international politics, creating war scares and profiting thereby, and definitely marking the arms industry as one of the great trouble-makers in world affairs.—*No Frontier News Service.*

The Parasites

(With acknowledgements to Kipling)

I

A pup there was, and he counted his fleas,
Even as you and I,
With a growl and a howl and a sniff and a sneeze,
(We call them "maggots" in ripe old cheese;
But the pup, he called them his F. F. V.'s)
Even as you and I.

Oh, the health we lost and the wealth we lost,
And the bulk of our cake and pie;
And all for love of our parasites!
But the pup, he called them his heart's delights,
Even as you and I.

II

A cur there was, and his time he spent,
Even as you and I,
Licking the sores where the darned things went;
And it wasn't the least what the microbes meant;
But a cur must follow his canine bent,
Even as you and I.

Oh, the hide we lost and the hair we lost,
And the whole of our native land,
Belong to the fleas that didn't know why;
And still we swallow the same old lie,
And do not understand!

FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD

La Follette's
Great National Weekly Newspaper
"The Progressive"
Regular price $1.50 per year
STARTLING FACTS suppressed by other papers are being exposed NOW! Send 20 cents today and receive the next 13 sensational issues.
Special Offer 3 Months - 13 - Issues 20c
The Progressive, Dept. M, Madison, Wis.